

# A BRISURE HOURS READING

DEAR  
A BRISURE  
CHAPTER I

The night is dark, with but few stars  
glimmering in the blue-black  
skies, and they but dimly serve to  
define the outlines of shadows cast by  
the great redoubtable in the still, motionless  
yew pressing along at regular intervals from a  
point like a life, and the bare stone house  
known as the old castle, and which they  
stand sentinel over. Of a sudden a window  
on the ground floor is pushed open, and a little  
stream of light is thrown forth, cutting in  
two parts the surrounding blackness, and  
above it a faint, ethereal, womanly figure  
appears, and passing beyond the stream of  
light, which illumines the ledge of yew,  
propels it back and forth—restless  
and elusive, all these quiet ones. The  
light glows and turns, as she passes from  
the darkness of the cedar tree to the faint  
shadows that lie beyond it, giving a glimpse  
of a pair of white arms and a white throat  
which gleam through the thin black of her  
gown. It is as if the stream of the long  
train over the soft turf, the night  
to a deathly sound in the quiet of the night.  
At length, under the cedar, there is a  
pause, the two figures are crossed on a low  
bough, and a white face—very white in the  
faint starlight—is lifted to the sky.

"Yes, I am determined—my mind is made up."  
I will tell him everything to-night. I have been awaking so long, but I  
will be no longer.

The voice that broke the stillness was not  
a girl's voice, one instinctively felt that  
it was the voice of a woman, and a woman  
shaped and outlined against the darkness.  
It was a woman's voice, pure and sweet, but  
with the soft tones that only life with its  
familiar knowledge can give. It was the voice  
of one who had more than once sweetly  
distant to look, or from dreamy dreams, of  
the "Promised Land." More than was it  
to that dream world, and the rest of the  
journey to her.

But the girl, instead of happiness, when  
she turned the key of life, and from that  
good dream world, which is of an un-  
familiar, strange, and of a voice which  
had been so dear.

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"That is the past," he urged pleadingly.

"The future is what you must consider."

And he looked at her with a fair prospect?

Young and beautiful, rich, stretching his  
arms comprehensively forth, "and to be  
married to-morrow to one whom you love,  
and who loves you more than any one in the  
world, and who—"

"And the other side of the picture?"

"There is no other side."

"Ah, Vin, but I cannot help seeing it."

You so young and eager, with all the world  
before you, and I with my sad past, my wife-  
hood, my ten years of widowhood. It seems  
crushed to weight your future with my past.

I should be happier even if I were younger  
than you in years, if not in experience; but  
I am not. How much older am I?"

"I was twenty-one last May."

"And I am twenty-eight. Seven years  
between us, and on the wrong side. Oh,  
Vin, I am frightened! The risk is too  
great, in trembling tones. "I have seen  
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"I will risk it," he said quietly. "My  
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hand on her shoulder, he led her to the  
door, and out of this gloomy darkness, and  
you will be braver, and I shall see the sweet  
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He led her gently toward the open win-  
dow, and she spoke, and through the bar  
of light they passed on to the horse together,  
from the enduring darkness that lay with  
out.

(The curtain falls.)

ACTING

Never say "thanks," it is vulgar. Say "th-y  
for you," that is the correct way.

We should think that you would not be  
sick. They are often on the bosoms of such  
heavy souls.—*Editorial Style.*

The very last sentence spoken of in the papers  
is a word that came off a dog's tail when it  
was wagging. The man who discovered it  
was not from public life.

The editor of the *London Spectator* found a  
receded basket on his step the other night.  
But it contained nothing but peaches. A night  
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He was a clever, dry goods clerk, and when  
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A minister had preached at a fair; then he re-  
turned, and "another while I'll open from the  
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old colored saint ejaculated, "Please, Lord,  
shut up de baw!"—*Undisputed Tribune.*

Scene: Bridal reception. Several of the  
guests, after shaking hands with the bride,  
and all speaking at the same time: "Where is the  
bridegroom?" Bride, naively: "Oh, he's up  
watching the wedding presents."—*Druck-  
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He was wealthy but penurious, and this is  
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There was a ring of proud exultation in  
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